Always a Victim

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/32156515.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Abigail Hobbs, Alana Bloom, Garrett Jacob Hobbs
Additional Tags:	Canon-Typical Violence, Blood and Injury, Angst, Character Death, Pain, Daddy Issues
Language:	English
Series:	Part 20 of Twitter Threads
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-24 Words: 658 Chapters: 1/1

Always a Victim

by anabridge

Summary

While on Hannibal's kitchen floor, Abigail reflects on her short-lived life that lacked love.

Notes

Father's day had me thinking about Abigail and Hannibal and what happened behind the scenes in season 2. This was an emotional rollercoaster to write, and I'm really happy with how it turned out.

I've never known love. I'd only ever known violence and obsession. With Hannibal, I found violence, obsession, and admiration. My father left me cut and bleeding and Hannibal stitched me back together. He gave me a family.

He bought me scarves that covered the faint white scar along my throat. He ran his fingers over my hair when he embraced me. He offered me solace when I needed it most. After Nicholas Boyle, he saw the blooming darkness within me and helped me accept it.

He told me I was special, that he hadn't met anyone my age that was so brilliant. I had known right away that he was the man on the phone, but I had no one else to turn to. Where else could I have gone?

When he decided I was no longer safe from Jack Crawford and the FBI, he offered me a new home. A place that I shouldn't have felt safe in but I did. He told me everything. He was helping me and Will with our Becoming. We would be traveling to Florence soon, and Will would join us

Slowly, we began to trust one another. One day, when he pulled Beverly Katz's frozen body from the freezer, I didn't think twice before offering to help. Everything changed after that. It felt so different than hunting with my dad.

I was finally given the opportunity to sharpen my skills. I learned how to prepare the meat. I found myself working quickly and efficiently to earn his praise. It came so often I became accustomed to it. "Excellent work, Abigail," and "I'm very proud of you," were my favorite.

My father's obsession with bloodlust had kept him from teaching me. But Hannibal took special care to ensure that I received a proper education. I was delighted to study the Greek epics, Latin, and anatomy. I relearned how to play the piano under his instruction.

Despite everything, I still cried from time to time. I craved a semblance of normalcy. He once told me I was a victim, and I so badly wished for that to not be true. Late at night, I allowed myself to be vulnerable because I knew I wouldn't be heard, he was gone most nights.

I sobbed under the covers, hidden. Until one night, he found me as I wept. He wordlessly scooped me up into his arms and tucked me under his chin. I remember breathing in his warm scent as my tears stained his sweater. His large hands rubbed up and down my back.

That night, I fell asleep on his chest as his soft Lithuanian lullaby soothed me to sleep. I had no one but him. He was my world, and yet I was only a small part of his. I craved his affection more than anything, and he knew how much I needed him.

So when he held out a needle to gather my blood and fake my death, I offered my wrist. When he told me to hold still so he could cut my ear, I obeyed. When he asked me to "take care of Alana," I listened. I did whatever he asked of me, without question.

And when he asked me to come to him in his bloodstained kitchen with a linoleum knife in his hand, I went. At first, his commanding tone prompted me forward. But ultimately, it was

my own choice to take his hand and accept my fate.

Of course, I didn't want to die, but it was already too late. Instead of remembering the sharp pain across my throat, I remember his warm chest against my back. I remember losing my life to the one person who had ever cared about it.

As I lay there, choking on my own blood, I saw him give me one last look. Hannibal left me without a goodbye. At that final moment, I realized I would die without knowing love.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!